

5-4-1875

## Letter from Adeline Manning, Paris, France, to Anne Whitney, 1875 May 4

Adeline Manning

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### Recommended Citation

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[Tues. = May 4]  
Tuesday night - May 5 - 75 Paris.

It is after 8, and you are farther east,  
my beloved, than I am here. In two  
hours your weary journey will be over, &  
just as I am going to bed, you will  
arrive at the D'Allegranza. Now shall I  
go to sleep, until I know where you  
are to rest? I cannot hear till Friday.

You did not see me, as you car  
passed out of the station. I saw  
you, on the farther side of the car, a  
lady & gentleman, I thought, in the  
same coupe. It was but a second, but  
I saw you, your head bent down a little.  
And still you seem to be cutting so; but  
south, in Italy: soon you will move, he  
for me, not till I get your letter.

I had only time to return to lunch: after  
which I went to Rue Magazon, & engaged  
my room; & from there to the school, into  
the school room; Miss Snowball was there,



a few other ladies, & a dozen men. I just remained away from it; but stepped out to a handsome girl, entirely nude, on the break the afternoon with a short stroll; & stand. The same model stands I have lost my way. Did not go far among things a day, for a week; sometimes in most before making inquiries, & was soon put right. difficult positions; as, partly on the top. Don't think I have made so bad a blunder before with the arms stretched up. I walked fore. I was travelling with the utmost confidence, & arrived, quite tired out, at 4 o'clock. Hence in fact the wrong direction; until things It was almost raining outside, & more grew stranger, when they should have grown than dismal within: fortunately I was so familiar. — Well, here I am again, to- tired that I fell asleep, & remained so right; my trunks ready to lock, when the till nearly sunrise time. The sky that last things are put in, in the morning: & was so bright when you left, soon clouded this to be continued from my next perch. over, & has scarcely smiled since. This Temple dearest, sleep well, & in the morning I wandered down the Rue de D'Alcorno, I pray. Rivoli, & made discoveries in the Palais Thus. May 8. Where are you this beautiful Royal, a world of gold, & jewels, marvellous morning, my love? Moi, — je suis of glistening shops, one after the other; & a ice. No 4 Rue Magagnan, to be sure. & broke store, where I bought the French History. This is an experience, not to say more than one. Arrived at 5, yesterday p.m. I walked again more than I intended. Madame came down to greet me with to, & got too tired to go to the Salon, as cordial smiles & assurances that the room I wished to do this p.m. I prudently




'est tout prêt.' & I ascended. 'Tout prêt?  
ma foi, what should I do? Call Madame  
Call M<sup>rs</sup>. & Chambermaid? My pencil  
would fail, my gestures would fail. We  
should simply have a scene, & things  
would remain as bad as ever. Should I  
cry? There was no one to look on. —

So I went to work with soap & water &  
the wash bag, & combed down the wardrobe  
inside & out; & combed the washstand,  
which came out a wholly unsuspected light  
mahogany color. You need not try to imagine  
what a piece of work it was to clean those  
two articles. Other things were easily wiped  
off. Miss Arwell came in in the midst,  
& waited the completion, to take me to tea  
dinner; kind woman! it was almost 7  
o'clock: but I went out quite happy, &  
with good appetite, having almost accom-  
plished the impossible. The bed  
thank fortune looked very well.



At the restaurant the tables are about two ft wide, & seat 5 or 6 on each side. 1<sup>st</sup> Course Soup - This alone, said I, would make a good lunch - "2 Sours" said Miss M. fillet of beef with water cresses, tender & plenty of it - 10 Sours, - String Beans (canned, but very good) 8 Sours, - Stewed prunes 3 Sours, waiter 2 Sours - Whole dinner 1.15 - Miss M. came up again with her powder & I unpacked my bed; & it was after eleven before I had unpacked & arranged everything & was ready to retire; - wondering how it was with you my darling. I dread to hear that something has gone wrong - The cast has not quired, or is broken, or the men are ill, or what is it that may make you trouble? If it turn out to be only my fears - how well! - Florence is far lovelier than Paris - & has no more fleas. What if I should stay here, - say only till the 1<sup>st</sup> of January, & then go for the rest of the time to Florence - If you have an opportunity, see what kind of chance there would be for taking lessons in painting

there - how much it would cost. You know this is only the suggestion of a longing for Florence - I may find this school an opportunity not to be relinquished.

P. M. Have been out to see the collection of Millet's pictures, which closes this week. They seem to be half crayon, & half color, don't know what they are - very simple & strong & some beautiful. - I stand, there are two great mirrors in this little room, in which I must see myself all the time. How very old looking I am growing, wrinkles about my eyes like this.  & not yet 40 by 13 mos. I don't care, if it is only a step; - but if I go on at the rate of this last year! Why when you were my age, I could have believed that you were 27, in spite of a good many grey hairs.

I forgot to say that at one table two English girls, ballet dancers, mine, all some English men, & English speaking French-men, generally the same people at the same house, says Miss M.

Do remember me very cordially to the Samisets. I wonder whether you will hear, or see anything of the Mannings. Monnot has not their address. Look out for Miss Kellogg too.

Please address your next letter Hotel Mazagran, Rue Mazagran I have a short letter dated 22. from Aunt & Father, both send love to you. No particular news. I hope you have had a letter too.



Friday - Your dear note has come. I got it at the bank be-  
tween morning & p. m. School - ~~Now~~ I want as much to  
hear again: but I will try to possess my soul in grati-  
tude for the good of your safe arrival. Sweet Italy!  
I would love to be there - where you are my beloved.  
Still I have enjoyed to day - drew 2 1/4 tons this  
am - & 1 1/4 p. m. - What do you think? I am  
invited to go to the opera next Tuesday - Mrs Balch  
has taken a box, the only one she could get, in the  
tip top - & asked Misses Howells & Pickham & my-  
self - I & four days makes such a letter, what  
will the next one be - You will get this Monday a. m.

Do not drink too much wine, dearest, I do believe that  
a little of it in the water will be better for you than much.  
We have 'tar water' furnished at the restaurant. Said to  
be very wholesome - not bad tasting. The water of the  
Seine is filtered through charcoal, & distributed through  
the city.

Do not let me wait two weeks to hear again, my own.

Hotel Mazagran

Rue Mazagran No 4.